

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE "SAND HILL CRANE" BEAUTIFIES THE NECK



"The Sand-Hill Crane," Posed by Frances Jordan.
BY FRANCES JORDAN.
Selected in a Government Competition as America's Prettiest Girl.
ARTICLE NO. 3.

This exercise I call the "sand-hill crane" because it makes me crane my neck, and is meant to keep it round and slender and graceful, like the crane's—but it is guaranteed not to make it so long as Mr. Crane's!

It's a good resting exercise after the strenuous runs and bending movements. It is really a breathing exercise, too. To do it I stand straight, heels together and hands on hips.

Count 1—I drop my head forward on my chest.

Count 2—I begin to raise my head and at the same time begin to draw in a deep breath.

Count 3—I drop my head clear back. As the head is brought I exhale,

emptying my lungs for the next breath.

For developing the throat and neck muscles the deep breathing may be omitted, and the head simply bent forward and back, slowly, and rolled entirely around on the shoulders. Be careful not to do it too long or too fast.

Women who are inclined to have slight goiters should avoid such exercises entirely, as they put a strain on the muscles which would aggravate any tendency toward goiter. For development and beautifying a throat and neck too thin this is the best of exercises.

day Tom told his sister that Madge had consented to announce their engagement. In fact, they had gone so far as to send small notes to the various newspapers making the announcement, and Madge had written to all her close friends telling them of it.

The sister was satisfied and had actually made reservations for her return trip, when she chanced to buy one of the papers to which the announcement had been sent and there espied something that made her immediately countermand her order for the reservations and unpack her bags preparatory to a prolonged stay.

She confronted her brother that evening with a substantial scowl upon her face and a manner of determination.

"Now I know," she said. "You have been trifling with that lovely girl. The girl you are really going to marry is that cabaret dancer that Pete Beaver told me about, and that," said the sister, with a fine crescendo, "that is why I came all the way from home to see about things. Tom, you are going to marry Madge Remson if I have to make you."

"What made you think that I wasn't told Tom, with a placidity that was irritating to the enraged sister.

"This," she said grandly, producing a newspaper folded carefully to show a short engagement announcement.

"Young lawyer to wed dancer," read "Thomas R. Rawson, one of the promising young lawyers of the firm of Babcock & Parsons, and the clever young dancer, Marcia Daw, have announced their engagement. Marcia Daw is now engaged in classic dance-

ing in the cabaret of the Terrace Garden of the Bancroft Hotel and is regarded as one of the cleverest young dancers in the city. "There," cried sister. "Isn't that enough?"

"Won't you read all of the announcement?" asked the brother.

"I've read enough," said the sister, with finality. "That is as far as I cared to read," but as she spoke her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Bradley Remson of this city."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I want you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you recently registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?" said Tom. "She worked very quietly away at the office and it was not till I knew her well that she told me. She is a girl of enormous strength and perseverance—it is her example that has set me working so hard. She plugs along at the office every day from nine till five and then dances from nine till twelve—and she's fresher every morning when she starts in at work than the other girls that have not other work to do."

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Madge?" insisted the sister, who still wanted to feel that her trips to the city had been very necessary and that somehow she had had her finger in the pie of Tom's happiness.

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